

nurse is the one to whom no slightest detail of hygiene, absolute cleanliness, regularity, or comfort is anything less than of the utmost importance. The balance often hangs by a thread, and the scale may be turned by an unsuitable nipple on the nursing-bottle.

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## **A NEW CRANFORD: BEING A MORE OR LESS TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN EXPERIMENT**

**DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR J. B., WHO OF ALL OTHERS BEST  
UNDERSTANDS WHAT PROMPTED ITS UNDERTAKING**

BY ISABEL McISAAC.

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### **II. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR**

BUYING a horse is a serious undertaking for womenfolk who are entirely inexperienced, but Euphemia's best friend, Rachel, knew a man whose brother-in-law had a beast to sell which was highly recommended. The man Miss Rachel knew being a proper sort of person who could be depended upon, as far as any masculine being can be concerning horses, we bought Billy. Billy's former owner said he was "used to women, quite safe but playful," and Euphemia still contends that the man told the truth; but no dictionary I ever saw defines playfulness as a systematic determination to break people's necks, and if Billy's behavior is playful, for my part I prefer something less coquettish.

The first day Euphemia took him out she was to drive him over our own road, which was heavy with snow, while I got into my coat and rubbers. Fortunately, I happened to look out just in time to see the sleigh turn over and Euphemia and Billy disappear with great suddenness. As the road is on the side of a very steep bluff, I fully expected to find them in small pieces in the bottom of the ravine, but they were lying on the hillside in a hopeless tangle of snow, harness, cushions, robes, and kicking hoofs, and only after much shovelling, cutting of straps, and the most terrifying plunges did we get them right side up. At this point Euphemia decided to make Billy walk down the soft road without the sleigh while she walked behind, driving him; but his ideas were not hers, and after going very demurely half-a-dozen steps he spied the red barn on the top of the hill, and instead of retracing his steps over

the half-broken road he suddenly bolted up the steepest part of the bluff, where the snow came up to his body, dragging Euphemia after him over the drifts exactly like two enormous flies going up a wall, and leaving me, speechless with fright, gaping after them.

We spent the rest of the day digging out the sleigh and drying his harness, and the day following ventured out once more. This time Billy inaugurated the occasion by lying down and rolling over before we were fairly in the sleigh, and then Euphemia rose in her might and plied him with the whip and "languages" which made him understand her displeasure. Later on he bit her in the arm; but in spite of it all she still insists that he is only playful, but I hold that he is downright vicious, and I foresee my doom on that picturesque road.

One thing, however, I have noticed more recently is Euphemia's manner of addressing him; at first it was "Billy," but of late I frequently hear her saying "Bill" in stentorian tones, and more than once it has been qualified as only stage-drivers and such-like persons can do, and I fear Tom's Sunday-school instruction will be wofully counteracted, as there seems to be no hope of Billy's reformation, and he certainly would aggravate a far more saintly temper than Euphemia's. He behaves exactly like a spoiled child, will hang his head and sulk when things do not suit him, and at other times be so tractable that we call him the "angel child." When he is in a temper he will see-saw back and forth, bumping every fruit-tree on both sides or back up twice as far as is wanted, or plunge ahead in such leaps one's head is fairly snapped off like a sunflower in the wind.

One of his pet aversions is having his legs brushed; he invariably kicks and bites, the only safe way of doing it being to tie him between two trees, which keeps him from rearing up. Another charming habit he has is poking along at a regular farmer's jog-trot on the way to town and coming home like a meteor. It would be a difficult problem to solve how many miles an hour he goes coming home when he makes only two miles an hour going. When Euphemia drives he knows that a certain amount of good behavior is required, but when I have the reins he meanders in his own sweet way, responding to my timid touches with the whip by tossing his head and tail in the most saucy fashion or scaring me half to death by his leaps. I have never been courageous enough to drive him down our own hill road; he behaves fairly well coming up but he hates holding back the buggy and especially the wagonette, which is heavy, and so sidles and prances and flirts his tail, threatening every second to plunge the whole of us down the steep sides of the ravine, until I feel like the old man who said that when his horse ran away and he was facing sudden

death the only prayer he could think of was, "The Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive."

Every man who has been on the place is afraid of him. One luckless youth did land himself and Billy and a load of bricks in a heap by the roadside, for which Euphemia blamed him unjustly, I thought, knowing William the Conqueror so well. Why they were not both killed outright is past finding out.

(To be continued.)

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## COOKING FOR INVALIDS

BY ANNE BARROWS  
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EVERY woman at some time in her life is liable to have charge of the preparation of food for a sick person. Some think little about it, and simply serve portions of the family diet; others seem to think that cookery for invalids has nothing in common with the preparation of food for those in average health.

Between these extreme points of view there may be a middle-ground of safe procedure for those who have the care of semi-invalids.

Medicated foods should be given only under the direction of the physician, though he too often has known little about the preparation of foods or their effect on the body. But a better day is coming, and more attention is given every year to the choice of foods for well and sick. If as great care were given to cookery for the well as we are willing to bestow upon cookery for the sick, the doctors and nurses would be less busy.

The principal points of difference between food for sick and well lie in service rather than in actual cooking. The same food-substances must be depended upon in both cases and the same laws of fire and water prevail. But for the sick we are careful that each food shall be clean, wholesome, cooked as simply as possible: then we serve it in small portions, at frequent intervals, and, especially for the very weak, in dilute form.

The methods that prevail in the public-school cooking-class rooms are calculated to develop the thoughtfulness, foresight, and care in details necessary for the feeding of invalids. Nearly every course of